

T H E

Captivated Philosopher,

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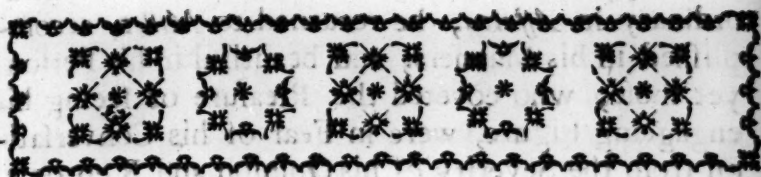
The Power of Love

O V E R

R E A S O N,

L O N D O N.

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THE
CAPTIVATED
PHILOSOPHER, &c.

HALES, in his Youth, so famous for his
Wisdom, was the Son of *Examus* and
Cleobulines, of the Race of *Thelides*, the
most illustrious among the *Phenecians*, who
drew their Original from *Cadmus* and *Agenor*. *Ex-*
aminus dy'd young, leaving *Cleobulines* two Chil-
dren *Thales* and *Erigones*, accompanied with a plen-
tiful Fortune.

Thales was made a Citizen of *Millet*, and when he
had finished his Studies, he traveled abroad into Fo-
reign Countries, to enlarge his Knowledge, leaving
his young Sister *Erigones* to the Care of his Mother.
In *Egypt* he contracted a Friendship with *Solon*, and
made himself a perfect Master in the Science of
Astrology.

Astrology. When he had seen all that was extraordinary in *Africa*, he returned to *Millet*, accomplished in his Manners, and beautiful in his Person, yet those, who coveted the Pleasure of seeing his engaging Figure, were in Fear of his Conversation from the Severity of his Opinion and Reproofs. *Cleobulines*, who was the tenderest of Mothers, received him at his return with great Transports of Joy. *Erigones*, whom he left an Infant, appear'd to him so charming, that notwithstanding his Gravity, he could not help speaking in her Praise. His Merit drew all the considerable Persons who were at *Millet*, to *Cleobulines* House; and *Thales* who lov'd Solitude, was in constant Trouble to avoid the Crowd.

There were many young Ladies at *Millet*, who liv'd in Splendour, all gay, and Charming, and the most agreeable Objects were continually offered to the Sight of *Thales*; but they were of no Force to him, his austere Philosophy taught him, that there was Nothing of this kind valuable, and he had learn'd to despise them. His Mother desir'd nothing more, than to see him well settled, and live like the rest of Mankind. She had deferr'd the Marriage of her Daughter until his Return. She was courted by *Phoenix*, a famous *Graccian*, who liv'd at *Millet*, in all Magnificence, and whose Expences were not much inferior to *Thrasibulus* who was the Sovereign, and not content with a legal Sway, was pushing towards a tyrannical Government.

It was not difficult for *Erigones* to settle her Affections upon so worthy a person, and of such large Possessions; and *Cleobulines* not having contradicted her inclinations, *Phaenix* made no doubt of his Happiness and Success; and *Thales* being arrived, he desired he would hasten the Marriage with all Speed. She mention'd it to her Son, but he gave so little Attention to an Affair of this Nature, upon which *Phaenix* thought the Happiness of his Life depended, that his Sister began to be displeas'd. *Phaenix* us'd all Ways to please him, but he was delighted with Nothing but his own Opinions and Manners; and he behaved himself even to the Ladies, with so little Complaisance, that they esteem'd him of a very unfociable Temper and Deportment.

He was nevertheless obliged to be sometimes in Company with those who visited his Mother: One Day, when some of the most Considerable came to see her: He happened to be so engaged in the Company, that he could find no Opportunity to disentangle himself: which so vexed him, that he was full of Contradiction and us'd his Arguments to prove, that Beauty was one of the most insignificant Trifles, and foolish Vanities to be pretended to. This Position was sufficient to draw an open War upon him from the fair Sex, and raise the Indignation of several Lovers then Present; which Principle, in their Opinion, was not much below Blasphemy in the deserving of Punishment. His Humour had render'd him so formidable, that few were

were hardy enough to oppose him: *Erigones* alone, who could not suffer his disdainful Airs, and who, no longer, as an Enemy to our whole Sex could so kindly Esteem him, though herself obliged to take up the Cudgels, as well for a general, as for her own particular Defence. Certainly, says she, with Appearance of being angry, you must have made a Vow to offend all the World; and whatever good Opinion you may have of your own Parts and Reason, you ought to have a little more Regard and Circumspection in your Expressions. Why, would you have us, said *Thales*, put any Constraint upon ourselves, when the Gods alone are to call us to an Account for our intentions? I know not, replied *Erigones*, if the Philosophers believe there are any Divinities, or whether they take themselves to be such, though they appear to us no more than fantastical Persons, who have dress'd up their Sentiments in such thorny Flowers, that many are afraid to approach them. We must then, to please you replied *Thales*, renounce our Sense and Reason, and play the Fool in every Trifle that takes with your Humours. You will never forget yours by Excess of Complaisance, I dare say, Brother, answered *Erigones*. Sister, added *Thales*, smiling as in Contempt, you speak like a young Girl, who blindly follows her Inclination, and you make me this Day give Thanks to the Immortal Beings, that I was not born a Female. Were there any of your Humour, they would not be very acceptable, for you have some Faults,

Faults, that would ill become our Sex. *Thales*, Madam, said *Phaenix*, only contradicts you, to give you an Opportunity to shew your Wit; for, far from being an Enemy to the Ladies, I am persuaded, his Endeavours are to gain their Esteem. We are not ignoient, *Phaenix*, of your being in Love, said *Thales*, but there is little Appearance that I shall ever be in that Condition; so that acting from different Causes, it would be a Miracle, if we should agree in our Opinions.

Erigones was so displeas'd that she look'd upon *Thales* with Eyes full of Indignation; and he was so little concern'd at her Displeasure, that he was always the same; He nevertheless consented to the Marriage of his Sister, with the rich *Phaenix*, and the Wedding was celebrated with great Pomp and Magnificence at *Milet*. *Thrahybulus*, and almost the whole Country of *Jonica* were invited, and *Phaenix* abounding in Riches, and of a free and generous Temper, Nothing could be more splendid than *Erigones*, himself, and their hospitable Entertainment. *Thales*, who was the only Person, to whom it belonged to return the Civilities to the Company, for the Honour of the Family, repaid it in his accustom'd Carelessness and indifference. When the jovial Time was past *Cleophanes* renew'd her thoughts concerning *Thales*, Is it possible, my Son, said she, in a Tone of the greatest Tenderness and Affection, that amongst so many celebrated Beauties that have grac'd my Daughter's Wedding, not one of them
has

has had the Power to touch your Heart? No, Madam, reply'd he, with an Insensibility not to be imagined. Your Heart then must be of Marble, pursu'd *Cleobulines*, and you neither partake of *Ex-amius*, or your Mother. I am contented to imitate your Virtues, without desiring to share in your Weaknesses, answered *Thales*. You offend the Memory of an indulgent Father, who never thought so, said *Cleobulines*. I ask your Pardon Madam, answered *Thales*, if I have been too free in my Expressions, I only design'd to justify my Indifferancy, without offending the Respect it is my Duty to pay you. Well then, says she, I excuse the Liberty you take, though it is a little too familiar: But to make Amends for it, chuse a Wife worthy yourself. Have you not been long enough a Philosopher? Do you intend to be a *Wanderer* all your Life? And shall I never have the Joy and Satisfaction to see you settled at *Millet*? If you command me to stay here, make no doubt of my Obedience, continued *Thales*, but Madam, as for Marriage; dispence with me not to promise it, since in the great Aversion I have for it; it would be impossible to keep my Word. So that your Obstinacy, reply'd *Cleobulines*, condemns me to pass the rest of my Life in a Desire that never will be accomplished. Saying this she left him, and and his Sister the remainder of the Day punish'd him with Reproaches for the little Consideration he had for the Fair-Sex. All the Coquets join'd in League against his Liberty; but there was little likelihood
of

of Danger from that Party: For he ever endeavour-
ed to avoid them, and not so much out of Fear as
Custom.

As he was one day returning from the Palace
with *Phaenix*, they stopt at a Painter's who had
brought many curious Pictures to *Milet*. *Thales* in
his Travels had seen the best in the Universe, found
nevertheless at that Stranger's many that deserved
his Attention. He saw many Pieces ingeniously re-
presented, and many Ladies drawn with extraordi-
nary Success. But amongst all the charming Ob-
jects, a young Creature, who was repre-
sented with all the Graces imaginable, made a pow-
erful Impression upon his heart, and softened in some
Measure his natural Fierceness. A Chilliness came
over him at the Sight of this Picture, which was
succeeded by a more kindly Heat: Whilst his Eyes
were so fix'd on this agreeable Object, that he
wanted Power to remove them, he ask'd the Pain-
ter, Whose Picture it was? He said he knew not,
and that he bought it at *Corinth*, for the Sake of
the Beautifullness of its Face; that he had taken an
infinite Number of Coppies from it, of which he
had not one remaining; and that he reserved the
Original to dispose of to some very curious Person,
who knew how to esteem it. You are not far from
finding a Chapman, answered *Thales*, and I will give
you your Price for it. The Bargain was concluded,
nor to the Disadvantage of the Painter; and though
the Philosopher gave a good Price for it, he thought
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he could not pay too much for so extraordinary a Figure.

Phaenix, accusom'd to his usual Negligence, could not imagine the Occasion of this Action, but concluded, that his Knowledge was general, he he was not less skilful in Painting; and that he valued the Picture for the Art of the Painter.

The Picture was sent home, and *Phaenix*, whose Thoughts were otherwise employed, forgot to acquaint *Erigones* with this Adventure; and *Thales* ordered his Purchase to be placed in his Closet, from whence Philosophy was wholly banish'd.

What well become, alas! of the wise, the insensible *Thales*? When he, who with such Coldness has despis'd so many animated Subjects, capable of inspiring the most ardent Love, finds himself in Flames for an Object incapable of Motion? He nevertheless looks upon it all the Day; it occasions to him broken and disturb'd Sleeps; and as soon as the Sun rises in the Morning, the Philosopher gets up to adore the Charming Shadow. How must he reflect upon his past insensibility, and the Remembrance how, he has condemned excessive Inclination; when he finds himself compell'd to yield to the imperious Tyranny of a Passion Established in his Soul, which in a few Hours has made him a Slave to a thousand unprofitable and vain Desires. Being conscious to himself, that the Alterations in his Face could not be less than those in his Heart, he was desirous to hide himself from all the World; but *Gleobulines*,
who

who delighted to see him, was never satisfied, but when he was near her. *Erigones*, who perceived the change in *Thales*, caus'd her Mother to observe, that he was no longer the same. Are you not well my Son? said she, your Eyes are quite spiritless and languid, like one who has lost his Quiet, or his Health; and *Phaenix*, added she with a Smile, did not appear more d jected when he first courted *Erigones*. If you should be in Love, it would be a Prodigy, but your cruel Temper forbids our Hopes. It would indeed be a wonderful Miracle, said *Erigones*, if that hard Heart of Rock should become soft Flesh and Blood. Perhaps 'tis a love in Painting, that disturbs him, said *Phaenix*, and a Picture that he Bought yesterday, has Excellency to charm a Soul delighted with a fine Idea. *Thales* blush'd at *Phaenix's* Discourse, yet they were not surpriz'd at his returning no Answer, since it was his Custom to be silent. *Cleobulines* and *Erigones*, as they were Women, could not restrain from being curious, and immediately went into *Thales's* Apartment, to see the Picture, which *Phaenix* had so much commended and which they found more beautiful than had been represented, or than you could possibly imagine.

When *Thales* had an Opportunity, he shut himself up alone with it, and those who imagin'd it was to observe the course of the Stars, were very much deceived. He pass'd his Time in looking upon his much beloved Picture, and as he saw no Remedy for a Grief so painful and fantastical, condemn'd

demn'd his former Pride and Severity, but resolved to conceal the Strangeness of his Passion. But how vain were his designs! for it was decree'd, that the wisest Man should not be free from Folly and the Power of Love.

When he had conceal'd his Fire for some Weeks he found he was not able to continue it; and for all his Disguise, they discover'd that his Sleeps were disturbed; that he had lost his Appetite; and in fine, that he was alter'd in every thing. Being in this Condition he resolved to leave *Millet*, and endeavour to Conquer his Passion by new Amusements. He acquainted *Cleobulines* with his Design, who oppos'd it with Moderation, but was not able to persuade him from a Resolution he had so absolutely determin'd to perform; he had no longer any Conversation but with the purchase he had made; and as deaf as it was, he omitted not to say many thousand tender Expressions to the dumb Figure, that any one who had over-hear'd him, must have concluded, that he was now become as notorious for his Folly, as he formerly was remarkable for his Wisdom.

When he was ready for his Voyage, and going down to the Port to seek a Vessel, he saw in the public Place some Strangers exposing some Slaves to Sale. *Thales* went towards them, and saw among the Captives, to his great Astonishment, the Original of his Charming Picture, but a Thousand Times more lovely than the Coppy, by the Vigour of
Life

Life, and the agreeable Actions of Body in being. As reserved as he was, he could scarcely forbear exclaiming out in a cry of Joy; but moderating his transports by a forc'd Constraint, he contented himself with buying the Slave at the price they demanded. He was going to conduct her home to his House, when the Prince approached to him in a civil Manner; but this Ceremony was of Fatal Consequence, since at the first Sight of the fair Captive, he was become desperately in Love with her. *Thales*, said he to the Philosopher, I hope you will not refuse me this Slave, who pleases me extremely, and oblige one who will not be ungrateful to you. Sir, cunningly answered *Thales*, I am so far from a Design of Desputing with you what you desire, that, before all these People, I give the person you you demand of me her Freedom, that she may with all Liberty follow you if she desires it. Alas! your Generosity, cry'd *Thrasibulus*, is only an Artifice, when you part with the Authority of Mastership there is little Appearance of its falling to my Share. Its already done, my Lord, continued *Thales*, she is as free free from Slavery as ever she was since her Being; and if I appear to have a Design, 'tis only that of doing you an Obligation. Will you come, my pretty one, said *Thrasibulus* to that young Creature, to the Palace of a Prince, who has Power enough to make you very happy? Since I am now free from Slavery, my Lord, replied she, 'twould be Ingratitude in me to leave the Person
 who

who has deliver'd me from my Chains; but since he has given me the Liberty, if he will be pleas'd also to grant me his Protection, I will follow him more willingly than any other. You are very grateful, reply'd *Thrasylbulus*, but perhaps you are ignorant that 'tis the Prince of *Milet* who desires it. Were you *Cresus*, my Lord, replied she, my Answer would be the same; and I think it is the least I can do, for a Person who has so generously deliver'd me from my Slavery.

These prudent and disinterested Expressions, made *Thales* in Love as much with her Soul, as he had been before with her Body; and notwithstanding *Thrasylbulus*' Displeasure, he carry'd the freed Fair to *Cleobuline*'s House, where she was receiv'd with all the Respect due to a Person of her extraordinary Beauty and Virtue.

Thales was not so much Master of himself, as to be able to conceal his Joy; and though the Stranger was unknown, so much Grandeur appear'd in her Face, that *Cleobulines* wish'd with all her Heart her Son's Inclinations were fix'd to her. But *Thrasylbulus*, violent beyond Moderation, and bent upon Tyranny, had no intention to suffer him to be the quiet Possessor of such a Blessing, and took Measures to molest the Fair one in the Sanctuary she had chosen. *Phœnix* less concern'd in this Affair than *Thales*, shew'd him the Malignity of his Enemy; and if he was then so much a Philosopher, as not to fear the Danger, he was beholden to his Inclination

nation for it, and the Blindness occasioned by his Passion.

Thales was at first contented with presenting this convincing proof of his Generosity to the freed Captive; he did not perplex or trouble her with Discourses of Love; the more he regarded her, the more she inflamed his desires; her Modesty was so ingageing and her Wit and Virtue were as excessive as her Beauty.

She was willing to have done any Service, but with what Humility was she refus'd! and what Satisfaction both *Cleobulines* and *Erigones* take, to render her Services themselves? Her Soul, full of Acknowledgement, was touch'd at this Excess of goodness, and desirous not to be thought stupidly ungrateful, in haveing so many Honours done her, where she thought to have been in Chains; she confess'd to *Cleobulines* and *Thales*, that she was born a Princess, of the Blood of the Princes of *Syracuse*, and that she became thus miserable, and a Wanderer, by the cruel Jealousy of a hard hearted Step-Mother. The Tears that accompanied these Words gave fresh concern to *Thales*, and more Curiosity to *Cleobulines*; she knew that this Princess' Name was *Alphisa*, and thought it then not convenient to enquire further.

The Night pass'd and *Erigones*, who had already a great Affection *Alphisa*, went to her in her Apartment; the Sight of this Princess perfected the Passion which the Picture had rais'd in *Thales*' Breast; and

and he was raveing with Love and Desire. When *Phanix* went to visit him, he found him in Disorder: looking upon him with Astonishment, you are no longer, said he, that insensible Philosopher Proof against all the Beauties of the Fair-sex. You love the Princess *Alphisa*, 'tis in vain you endeavour to hide it; but you need not blush: for she has Charms sufficient to make a good Excuse for your Passion. Brother, reply'd *Thales*, embracing him, Love is too familiar in your Heart, not to know it, when you perceive it in mine: And I have too much Sincerity to deny a Truth so apparent. I am persuaded that you will excuse my Weakness, and that you will not make a Jest of, and ridicule my former vain presumptuous Pride. No assuredly, reply'd *Phanix*, and I have no other Desire, but to give what Assistance I can, to a Passion, that will give so much Joy to *Cleobulines*.

Thales, the loving, the impatient *Thales* had no sooner heard that *Alphisa* was in a Condition to be seen, but he went to visit her, and he thought, that the Repose of the Night, and the Pleasure of Liberty hsd diffused new Graces on her Face. The Philosopher ask'd her the State of her Health so heartily, and with such an Air of Concern, that *Cleobulines*, who was present was perfectly over-joy'd at it. *Alphisa* made such agreeable and witty Returns that shew'd she merited the good Sentiments they had of her; and 'twas then she discover'd to them, with less Confusion, that her Misfortunes were occasion'd

caſion'd by the Jealouſy of a Mother in Law, who reſolved to break off her Marriage with a Prince deſign'd for her by her Father from her Infancy: That the deteſtable *Arteſia*, (which was her Name) was fallen in love with that Prince, and after ſhe had poiſon'd her Husband, my Father, ſhe expoſed her, a Princeſs innocent and young, alone in a Bark, to the Mercy of the Waves, whiſt the young *Alexidas* had taken a Voyage for the Security of his Country, and *Arteſia* remained abſolute Miſtreſs of all; that ſhe was found in that deplorable Condition by the Rovers, who after they had kept her ſome Time at Sea, had at laſt brought her to *Millet*, to be ſold at the market with the other Slaves. She alſo ſaid; that the Picture which was in *Thales*' Poſſeſſion, was certainly one of thoſe, which her Father, who lov'd her dearly. had cauſ'd a Painter to draw ſome Years before, and who had ſold it.

It was not without Concern, that *Thales* underſtood *Alphiſa* had a Lover, to whom, in all appearance, ſhe would never be unfaithful; ſo that he was no ſooner in Love with what he thought the moſt charming, but he found himſelf oblig'd to live without Hopes.

When *Cleebulines* ſaw him in private. ſhe expreſs'd the great Joy ſhe conceived at the Diſcovery of his not being inſenſible. I know not, ſaid he, whether you ought to rejoice at this Truth; but I know that it gives me intolerable Affliction, and that I am deſtined to be the Moſt miſerable of Mankind. I will

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not

not conceal from you, that I am most desperately in Love with *Alphisa*, since I believe you already perceive it; but, Madam, of what Advantage to me now would that Heart of Brass, that you us'd to reproach me with? Since I must now condemn myself to die for Love. What is then become of that Wisdom, that gain'd you such esteem in the World, reply'd *Cleobulines*? What does it signify if you cannot make use of it when you have Occasion? the Gods suffer you to become sensible after your Boasts of being invulnerable. You have had the Advantage to signalize yourself by an Action of Generosity, which will give you an open Passage to the Heart of the person you adore. Alas! to what purpose cry'd *Thales*, do I gain an Entrance into that place where *Alexidas* is to reign alone? He is a Conqueror, sure of his Victory, and who triumphs even in his Absence; and, Madam, if he still perseveres to love *Alphisa*, should not I be very unjust, to endeavour to make her break her Faith? No, Madam, I can never do it, let it cost me what it will, and I would rather chuse to die, than deserve the Name of Barbarous, by crossing those innocent Affections, which have been us'd already but too unkindly. This is, Madam, the Effect of the Wisdom you Mention, and I shall never Esteem it unprofitable, when it produces the same Conclusions. *Thales*, reply'd *Cleobulines*, your Determinations appear to me too nice and critical. I know not what Injury you would do to a person absent by
endea-

endeavouring to please a princess thrown into your Hands by Fortune, and whose Charms command your Love. Be it as it will, answer'd he, I resolve not mention it, and I desire you, Madam, to be so good, as to keep my Secret. - You have wish'd that I might love; the Gods have been already but too attentive to your prayers, and I find it has given me Occasion to be pitied. After this, *Cleobulines* said a Thousand things to appease the troubles of her Son, but she was not philosopher enough to Effect it.

Whilst the Generosity of *Thales* impos'd such severe Laws upon him, the prince of *Milet* was govern'd by Thoughts of a contrary Nature, and all his Desires tended to make himself absolute Master of *Alphisa* at any Rate, not regarding the Injury he did to *Thales*, or the little Respect he paid to a Sex that deserves it from all Hands: But inflam'd with these savage Resolutions, *Torasybulus* flew into these unwary Transports.

The Treatment *Alphisa* met with at *Cleobulines*' was a convinceing Demonstration of the great Esteem and particular value they had for her: And as she did not Expect *Thales* to have the Softness of other Men, she never look'd upon him as her Lover, and was the last who perceiv'd what he suffer'd for her: *Cleobulines* wou'd have made no Scruple of giving her Son the place reserv'd for *Alexidas*; and being handsome enough to inspire Love, the Opportunity appear'd to her very favourable; but *Alphisa* was only capable of returning Acknowledgements full of

Esteem; which she did in so soft and engaging a Manner, that *Cleobulines* mistook these for Tenderness, and willing to clear the Doubt, Madam, said she to the fair *Sicilian*, the Gods have certainly sent you to *Milet* for my Happiness and Quiet; no less than your miraculous Beauty could have Power to reduce *Thales* to Sensibility. Every thing hitherto was indifferent, or rather troublesome to him; but Madam, since he has had the good Fortune to have seen you, he is become another Creature, and if you have no Compassion for him, I fear, notwithstanding my Displeasure at his former Insensibility, his present Tenderness and passion may give me more Occasion to grieve. He is not, I assure you unworthy of your Love; 'tis this that gives me Courage to sollicite for him; and Madam as he has some Merit, and descended from several Kings of Renown, I hope not to give Offence, either to your Beauty or Quality, by offering you such a Captive.

Whilst *Cleobulines* spoke after this Manner, *Alphisa's* Eyes were cast down, and she was so surpriz'd at this Discourse, which she did not expect, that she remained silent for some Time. At length, takeing Courage, I must own, Madam, said she, that amongst all the Misfortunes that have befallen me, Nothing could be more grievous to me, than to be obliged to seem ungrateful; but generous *Cleobulines*, is it in our power to do what we please with a Heart which is already dispos'd of? The Gods be my Witness, that I give all the acknowledgement for
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the Favours and Obligations I have received from yourself and *Thales*, that such Humanity and generous Actions can deserve; and if my Affections, when I arriv'd at *Milet*, had been at my own Disposal, you should have placed them at your Pleasure; but Madam, it is long since the Prince *Alexidas* has possess'd, I lov'd him before I saw *Thales*. Perhaps I have lost him for my whole Life; but let the Event be what it will, he shall never loose me: And if it had been in my Power to have forgot him, I should not have promised him to have lov'd him for ever.

If this Constancy was not pleasing to *Cleobulines*'s Wishes, she could not in the least condemn it. She pitied poor *Thales*, who knew not what Steps his Mother had taken, and seeing *Alphisa* who had just left her, thoughtful and dejected, and some Redness about her Eyes, that persuaded him she had been crying: He was extremely troubled. Madam, said he, in an humble Manner, I beg of you to tell me, if there be any thing here, that displeases you; and be assur'd, that where *Thales* has any Power, it shall always be employ'd for your Quiet and Satisfaction. I cannot make you any Offers for the Ease of your Heart; but had I the Possibility of presenting *Alexidas* to you, I would not defer the Opportunity a single Moment.

Alphisa could not but admire the honourable Behaviour of *Thales*, and it gave her some Concern: She thought there was no Person in the World so deserving

deserving of Esteem: But she at the same Time was sensible, that she could never love any other than *Alexidas*. I am so obliged to you, said she, that I know not how to acquit myself for the Obligations I have already received from you: But how can I say it? And yet I must Acknowledge, that I should be more happy and contented could I but see *Alexidas*. But though you wander'd all over the World to bring him to me, you could add Nothing to the great Opinion I have of your Virtue; and—— Whilst she was going to continue her Discourse, a loud Noise was heard in the Court; and immediately a Number of armed Men advanced and demanded *Alphisa*.

Although *Thales* had no great Opinion of the Justice *Thralybulous*, he did not believe, that he would so publickly declare himself a Tyrant, and a Persecutor of Innocence. He was surpriz'd at this Violence; but little time was left to consult about it; they were oblig'd either to deliver her up, or immediately put themselves in a Condition to defend her and 'twas this Design that his Love and Courage animated him to pursue: Yet, though *Phœnix*, and all his Friends, were assembled to his Assistance, what would they be able to do against the Governor of *Milet*, who had drawn all his Forces together? After an unequal Combat, which had continued for some Time, and had put *Cleobulines* and *Erigones* into Consternation and Fear; and Streams of Blood flow'd from *Thales*, *Phœnix*, and many
Persons

Persons of Distinction, the fair and afflicted *Alphisa* found herself forc'd to go to the Palace of *Thrasylbulous*. By good Fortune, neither *Thales* nor *Phenix* were dangerously wounded; and the first shew'd more of the Philosopher, in seeing the Blood run from him unconcern'd, than in the tormenting Reflections, that *Alphisa*, was no longer with him, but forc'd to submit to a Person who had neither Honour nor Vertue.

He would have made fresh Efforts to have rescu'd the fair one from a Slavery he thought more insupportable than that of the Rovers; but *Cleobalines* oppos'd with all her persuasions a Project which she thought to so little purpose. In the mean Time, tho' *Thales*' Wounds requir'd him to keep his Bed, he was seen walking in *Milet*, with anger & Chagrin in his Face, for not being able to secure *Alphisa* from the attempts of *Thrasylbulous*; whilst he, swell'd with Pride at the Victory he had gain'd, though by the much superior Number of Forces, kept no Measures of Decency with *Alphisa*, but shew'd her a disdainful Passion, likely to give her more heavy Chains, than those from which the generous *Thales* had delivered her. My Lord, said she to him sometimes in her Grief, you bring a Dishonour upon your Dignity; and if you had any tendency towards Glory, you would not neglect that of giving your Protection to, or at least, not to afflict by your treatment, a poor unhappy Stranger, who Fortune has already handled but too severely! What would
you

you have of me? I can only give you my Life; for the Heart that you demand is no longer in my Power. *Thrasylbulcus* grew violently angry at this Discourse; he imagin'd that *Thales* was belov'd; and she trembled, and knowing the Tyrant had committed many Crimes, she was in Fear, lest the most violent, and most to be dreaded, should fall to her Share.

Whilst *Alphisa* was thus tormented, *Thales* had no other Thoughts, but to make her happy. There could not be a greater Concern of Tenderness and Compassion, than that with which he was possess'd; but all his desires tended to give Ease and Liberty to what he lov'd, even since he knew she was already engag'd, and he was as earnest in it, as if it had been to have perfected his own Felicity.

He was great by Birth, and well esteem'd at *Milet*; this gave him an Opportunity, assisted by *Phœnix*, who was enterely link'd to him by marrying his Sister, to divide the Town by Management and Intrigue. *Thrasylbulcus* was mortally hated; the ancient Liberty of the people was destroy'd by his Rigour, and there wanted only a Person of Consideration to head the Malecontents, to produce a general Revolution. The Affair being in this Condition, and *Thales* adding the Hopes of freeing his Country from Servitude, to the Thoughts of obliging *Alphisa*, a powerful League was soon formed by him, ready to oppose the Tyranny and force of *Thrasylbulus*; *Thales* and *Phœnix*, together with their Friends appearing at the Head of it. Things

Things were at this pass when *Pherecides*, a famous Philosopher, who kept Correspondence and had great Friendship for *Thales*, came to see him at *Milet*; the Chance he had of meeting with a young Stranger in the way, of an extraordinary and engaging Mein, made his Retinue the more remarkable.

Thales receiv'd him with all the Signs of Satisfaction, his Grief would permit him to shew a good Friend, whom he so infinitely esteem'd; and as *Pherecides* had a great Value for the unknown Person, who accompanied him, *Thales* shew'd him extraordinary and particular Civilities: He presented them both to *Cleobulines* and *Erigones*; and haveing an Intention to part with his Apartment to *Pherecides*, he carry'd them there. From the Chamber they went into the Closet, where the Picture of *Alphisa*, the greatest Ornament of the Place, threw the Stranger who came with *Pherecides* into such a Surprise, that he could not forbear crying out, to the Astonishment of both the Philosophers, Ah! *Thalas*, said he, transported with Passion, from whence have you taken this Copy of an Original, which is so dear to me? Oh! *Alphisa*, what is become of you? and what will become of me, if I must renounce the Hopes of ever seeing you again? There was no occasion for more Words to assure those that heard them, that he, from whom they proceeded, was *Alexidas*; and *Thales*, who thought him a thousand Times handsomer, than he had imagin'd

gia'd him, sigh'd for Love, but was not less desirous to make his Rival happy. He acquainted him with the Condition of *Alphisa*, but he threw him into Terror, when he described the Humour and wicked Principles of *Thrasylbulous*; which appear'd so much the more to be dreaded, as he was an Enemy of Concern. *Pherecides* was much afflicted at the Troubles of a Prince for whom he had so great an Esteem, and ask'd *Thales* if there was not a power to be obtain'd capable of opposing *Thrasylbulus*? Yes replied he, and we will find one, even at *Milet*: But that Prince *Alexidas* may know me perfectly, and have Confidence in me, I must make him an odd Confession. Know then, my dear *Pherecides*, that I never was more ignorant of my Weakness, than when I thought I had the least. Look but upon *Alphisa's* Picture, and you will find Excuses for it: I lov'd that most amiable, and most charming Princess, as much as she can deserve, which is excessively; that desirable Princess, who can never favour any other than *Alexidas* with her Love. Sir, said he, addressing himself to the Prince, whom he found turning pale at his Discourse: Be not alarm'd at a passion, that has no other End, but to honour your Triumph. My Eyes have not been more blind than others, or my Heart less sensible than yours; yet you are nevertheless happy for it, and *Alphisa* is so faithful to you, that not any Thing can make her forget you, even for one single Moment. My Love has not depriv'd me of my Reason, and I
protest

protest to you, before *Pherecides*, who has some Esteem for me, that if I love *Alphisa*, my Esteem for you is not less; That I only labour and aspire to draw *Alphisa* out of the unjust Hands of *Thrasylbulus* to deliver her into yours, and to assist you in a prosperous Return to the Country of your Birth, if you have no other Enemies to apprehend.

Alexidas was so astonish'd at *Thales*' Discourse, that he could scarcely recover himself; he found him so worthy of Esteem, that he was full of Admiration at his generous Disposition, and could not question his Sincerity. *In fine*, the poor Lover spoke to the Philosopher in Words full of Wit, and put an entire Confidence in him: *Pherecides* thought it proper before the beginning of the War, to make a Visit of Civility to *Thrasylbulus*, under the pretext of his Duty, and acquaint him with the Birth and Fortune of *Alphisa*, *Thales* thought it a Step taken to little purpose; but would not by any Means seem to contradict the Opinion of his Friend.

The Knowledge of the high Rank and Quality of *Alphisa*, rais'd a new Fire in the Breast of *Thrasylbulus*; he us'd *Pherecides* unworthily, *Thales* was so incens'd at his Pride, that he hasten'd his Design, and according to the Transports of the youthful *Alexidas*, was ready to go singly to force the palace of the Prince of *Milet*.

The People, who were already dispos'd, took to their Arm's, when *Thales* inform'd them it was now Time to begin. There was scarcely a Family,

that had not received some token of *Thrasobulus*' immeasurable Cruelty, or that had not been oppress'd by his Injustice; so that in Crowds they follow'd and obey'd his Orders, who was look'd upon as the wisest Man in the Kingdom. *Thrasylbulus*, who thought they never dar'd to be hardy enough to dispute his Authority, persecuted *Alphisa* perpetually; and after Offers of Marriage, which she refus'd, he resolv'd by Force to sacrifice her to his Lust; which drove her to that Despair, that finding an Opportunity ventured a Billet, by the means of a compassionate Woman, to whom she was entrusted by *Thrasylbulus*, she wrote these following words to *Thales*.

Alphisa to the wise and prudent Thales.

If your Generosity cannot bring a Remedy to my Misfortunes, Thales I am utterly undone, and ruin'd after the most deplorable Manner in the World. Thrasylbulus is not a Man, but an infamous and cruel Monster, of whom, if he would give me my Death, I would not complain. But, Oh, I need not tell you more; the Extremities I am under are most pressing, and I have no other Hopes left me, but the Pity of the Gods, and your Courage.

How afflicting were these Words to *Alexidas*; and what Haste did *Thales* make, to perform what the Princess required of him. There was no Time to be lost; the whole Town of *Milet* put themselves into a Coddition to humble the Tyrant; and though his Palace was encompass'd with Walls, that appear'd

pear'd inaccessible, and that he had with him Soldiers sufficient to compose an Army, all these Obstacles were of no Consideration in the Courage and youthful Heat of *Alexidas*, The *Milesians*, encouraged by his Example, and the persuasive Words of the wise *Thales*, there ensued a terrible Slaughter in the Town, and they soon forc'd and beat down the Gates of the Tyrant's Palace, who when he had from a Tower observ'd the Disorder of his Party, fled the back Way, not being able to carry *Alpbisa* with him; and getting into one of his Ships, trusted his Fury to the Seas, whilst *Alpbisa* gave Entrance to the Conquerors. *Alexidas* transported with Joy, Oh! ye powerful Gods, cried he, what Adoration can I pay you, for having preserved my dear, my charming *Alpbisa*? Oh, *Thales*! I find how well you deserve that Veneration, which the whole World acknowledges due to your Virtue. At these Words he embrac'd the Philosopher a hundred Times, who had no little Trouble to make his Resolution be Conqueror of his Passion. *Alpbisa* said all that was acknowledging, soft, kind, tender and obligeing, and hearing that *Pherecides* was *Alexidas*' Friend: she gave him a Reception suitable to his Character and Deserts.

The *Melesians* were thankful to *Thales* for their Deleverance from the Yoke of *Thraſybulus*, and would in Gratitude, have returned him all sorts of Honour; but he refused any Marks of Distinction. *Alpbisa* was carried back to *Cleobulines*, where the

was

was received with all Demonstrations of Joy, *Alexidas* inform'd her, that at his Return from that fatal Journey, he shew'd so much Hatred and Resentment to *Artesia*, for her cruel Deportment in his Absence, that she was enrag'd to the Destruction of all in her Power; but the People, touch'd with the Horror of her Crimes, and her Cruelty to *Alphisa*, had revolted against her, and that In her impotent Madness, she stab'd herself in his Presence: That this made him desperately embark to seek his Fortune, and after he had been long tos'd at Sea, had the good Fortune to meet with *Pheracides*, with whom he had contracted a Friendship, and to whom he should be always obliged, for the invitation he gave him to accompany him to *Milet*.

Cleobulines was pleas'd with *Alexidas*' good Fortune, yet with her Joy there was a Mixture of Grief. The Love which possess'd *Thales*, gave her Disquiet; and although it appear'd by his Behaviour, that the Satisfaction of *Alphisa* would establish his Content, she was nevertheless afraid, lest the Violence of his Passion should be of Consequence to him. My Destiny, my Fate, Madam, said he, is more considerable, than to spend my Time in Domestick Amusements; pray Madam, concern not yourself; this Maledy is conquer'd by my Reason. Marriage might perhaps afford me a Moment's pleasure, but then what a Train of Mischiefs follow, and how long they may endure, is not to be determin'd. I must not think upon it,
these

these Chains are fit only for them, who are born to love. *Thales* made these Expressions with an Air, which convinced his Mother that he had overcome, or at least was certain of conquering his Passion, and therefore she said to him but little about it.

When he left her he went to *Alphisa*, Madam, says he, I come to ask you a Favour; which, after the continued Zeal I have shew'd for your Service, you ought not to deny me: It is, that you will make *Alexidas* happy before he leaves *Milet*; and that you will do me the Honour, to chuse me to conduct you to the Altar. I am already so much oblig'd to you, said *Alphisa*, blushing, that I am in Confusion in what Answer to return. Though you have twice made me free, I am still your Slave, and you may order my Destiny as you Please. Well, then, Madam, reply'd he, I will make use of the Priviledge you allow me; and the Morrow if you think fit I will establish your Happiness, by presenting you at the Altar to your beloved. *Alexidas*, who was coming into the Room was ravish'd with Joy at the Generosity of *Thales*, who was gone to take Care of every thing that was necessary in order to celebrate the Wedding. And the most tender Father could not have been more dilligent on this Occasion. *Alexidas* was married to *Alphisa*; *Pherecides* extoll'd the Greatness of

of the Soul of his friend *Thales*, who remain'd the Delight and Honour to the *Milesians*; whilst the happy new Married Pair return'd into *Sicily*, where they pass'd the Remainder of their Lives in pleasure and Contentment. *Thales* pleas'd himself by deserving a general Esteem, and even that of King's and the greatest Princesses, but could never be persuaded to oblige his Mother, by entering into the Bands of Matrimony.

E I N I S.

